Latin School Register



VOL. XLIII

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# Latin School Register

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tiresome punishment at best. One must sit without the aid of a chair or bench to prop one's body on. The awkwardness of the position may be well imagined. The "plebe" or freshman is said to spend one-third of his time "sitting on infinity." Of course, this is an exaggeration, for a student at Annapolis hasn't so much time to spare that he may "sit on infinity" for one-third of his time. But since we have no proof to the contrary, we will believe this statement. At evening mess, the poor plebes are the objects of all the jokes the upperclassmen can invent. On the second evening, Junior had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of John C. Long. To the poor "plebe" the "c" in his name stood for "cruelty." But you and I know that John's middle name was "curiosity." It may be said that "curiosity killed a cat," but any "plebe" will testify that it never killed John Long. Well, on that fateful night, Junior became, as I said before, acquainted with the ways and means of Mr. Long. The large mess hall was quiet, that is, as nearly quiet as a large room filled with young men can be. Suddenly, from out of the farther end of the long table came the voice of John "Say, Good Looking, pass the beans." The unsuspecting victim, greatly flattered by this address, nonchalantly passed the beans along towards the voice. There was a roar of laughter from the "uppies," but every "plebe" held his mouth straight, for well did he know the penalty for laughing at the misfortune of a fellow classmate. After the laughter had subsided, John C. Long, the appointed judge of the upper classmen, reasoned out Junior's sentence (for of course you must have known it to be Junior) thus: "Since you think you are a good looking young man, and since nobody else thinks that he himself is good looking-

Does any one here think that he is handsome?"—running his eye along the line of "plebes" who all shook their heads to the negative,—"you are clearly in a class by yourself, therefore you will finish your meal by yourself—under the table."

At this cruel decree, Junior turned his eyes pleadingly towards his classmates but receiving no satisfaction there, he, decided to obey. So he ate the rest of his meal among the feet of his comrades. So life passed quickly with our hero, one-third school, one-third study, and one-third obeying the commands of the "uppers." This punishment was most popular among the "uppers."

One cool night late in September, our hero awoke to find someone tugging at his blanket. As soon as he was out of bed he was grasped by three pairs of strong arms, and he was hurried out into the midnight air. In the dark he could not recognize the faces of the men, but he distinguished the body and figure of John Long. They carried him outside, still half asleep, deposited him in a wheelbarrow, and sped away with him towards the river. Here the bewildered "plebe" saw ten or a dozen masked men, two of whom were without shoes or stockings. The ceremony through which he was now passing, is called the "Eradication of Sins."

The barefooted ones were the officials elected by a majority of upperclassmen. On the bank stood a large hollow tree. In this one of the members had been stationed.

At a signal he said in a low, canny voice, "Confess your sins or have them washed away! Choose, sinner!" With such a threat Junior was forced to admit that on the ninth day of June he had smoked a pipe in his own room. At this confession, the voice in the tree called out, "The penalty is three duckings, heave—o!" The two barefooted

officials immediately got to work and carried out the decree. The ill-fated "plebe" was pushed into the water, pajamas and all, three times. He was then rushed back to his room post-haste.

In bed, that night, Junior wondered why it was that he was picked from the whole Freshman class as the one upon whom Mr. Long should try all his jokes. He did not know that every joke, every reprimand that he received, was making him more the man that Uncle Sam wants to walk the decks of his ships. For all these things were teaching him to be the obedient, trustworthy, funloving, fighting-man that our country needs.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

So several months at the Academy passed. Junior passed his mid-years and was much elated over his success. Master Long, noticing this elation, decided to relieve the elated one of it. But after going before the ducking squad our hero had firmly decided that he would let the "uppers" do him no more harm. One night when Junior heard a slight noise at the door he determined to carry out his well planned course of action and make Mr. Long the laughing stock of his classmates. So, quietly, he jumped out of bed, wrapped a sheet he had prepared for such an occasion, around himself, firmly grasped a stout cane he had bought a low price, and stood before the door, ready to do or die. Meanwhile the intruder had fitted a key to the lock and was now turning it. In a moment the door opened wide and there he saw not John Long, but Napoleon White, the colored boot-black of the Academy. The latter, on seeing the pseudo ghost, dashed away terrorstricken, crying at the top of his voice, "Help! Ghosts!" Almost immediately twenty doors opened and out ran a number of men each bearing some sort of a crude weapon of defense.

The terror-stricken colored one pointed out the door behind which the "ghost" had retreated on seeing his mistake. The forty youths rushed in and were just in time to see Junior disrobing himself of the sheet. Suddenly from out of a dark corner of the room stepped John C. Long. As he stepped from his hiding-place, he eyed the amazed Junior with some amusement. He then said to the silent group: "Let me explain. I wish to introduce to you one of the few "plebes" who have ever dared to oppose an upperclassman, Mr. J. Orlando Appleton, Junior."

At this, there were shouts of joy and approval from the "plebes" and frowns from the "uppers." "Last week, our friend here heard of my purpose to relieve him of his pride because he passed the mid-years. I told Napoleon that Mr. Appleton wanted his shoes cleaned. He said he would take care of them to-night. So I previously secured a master-key and after this bold fellow had gone to bed, I entered his room, put a pair of his shoes outside the door, wrote a note asking Napoleon to put them inside again after they were polished, locked the door, and hid in this closet. At about eleven o'clock I heard a noise at the door. I knew who it was and Orlando thought he knew who it was. He got out of bed, having been waked by Napoleon's awkwardness in opening the door. He then donned this sheet, waited till the door opened, and then "put on" the worst ghost face he could make. He received the desired results but the victim was not I, as intended, but Napoleon. Therefore, because he has frightened that colored one, he will take his place, shining shoes, for one night. But because he showed courage and determination I shall appoint him my successor as "Dealer of Sentences" for next year." Here the terrible John Long ended his speech.

There was great applause after this and the "plebes" paraded their future leader across the campus, night though it was. After the celebration, Mr. Long, as he was passing through the door of

his successor's room, said, "O, by the way, sir, you may, in addition to your other punishment, sit on infinity a half hour every day this week."

-A. H. Canner.



## The Exchange Column

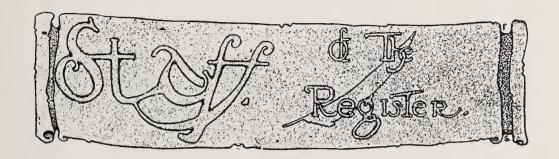
Well, fellows, here we are back to work again, full of grim determination to overcome every obstacle that may be placed in our way; back to make this year one of the most successful ever experienced in this or in any other school. We are going to make this year a success,—iln football, baseball, track, hockey, schoastics, and last, but not least, in our paper, The Register. We of the staff are fully determined to "come through" this year with the greatest school paper ever published, and with your help we surely will accomplish our desires.

Every fellow on the staff has agreed to do his full share, and more, in his department. Among other columns that we intend to bring to a higher degree of excellence than has been attained in past years, is the Exchange Column.

The Exchange is comparatively a new feature in our paper. Last year's volume was the first, I think, to make an attempt at this column. But this was only a half-hearted attempt, for when Flynn, our former Class II editor, left this school, the Exchange went out of existence temporarily. This year, we hope to make a very fine Exchange Column, as will be every other part of the paper. Therefore, in view of these facts, don't forget, fellows, to help us make this a gala year.

-A. H. C.





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CLASS 111 EDITORS TO BE APPOINTED

### Editorials.

"Raspberries!" This fruit seems without a doubt to be the most popular with a certain number of malcontents whenever an issue of their school paper is put out which they do not deem quite suitable for themselves. They ridicule but they do not criticize. They say that the issues should be much better but they do not attempt to better them. However, we wonder, if they ever contributed an article or the like. We wonder if they even offered suggestions in improving the paper. Indeed, we wonder.

It is to these fellows we would say: the members of the staff do all in their power to make the *Register* a paper to be proud of and one typical of the Latin School. Yet, there are limitations to human ability, and for this reason, the staff requires help from the rest of the student body. It is true that there are some loyal ones who aid the paper by their contributions; but their number is too few.

If these other fellows would join the ranks of the contributors and offer what they consider good, every article, whatever it might be, would be appreciated, as representing word and thought by the author. In this way, there would be no one to ridicule, and the Register would, in the future, prove highly successful.

—C. L. S.

### Students And The Red Cross.

There is probably no word harder worked in the schools, colleges and universities to-day than "vision." And it is because of this quest of vision that students are thinking with a clarity, a degree of penetration, an inclusiveness, and an earnestness of purpose which did not characterize preceding generations. Underneath a certain surface lightness engendered by the healthful give-and-take of present day school life, there is developing a fibre which will stand the test of the epoch upon which the world is entering.

The Red Cross, national and international, recognizes the fact that in the American schools, colleges and universities of to-day is to be found its leadership for to-morrow, in a work which perhaps more than any other is interpreting to the world at large the full scope and meaning of the ideal of the Brotherhood of Man. Consequently it voices at this time an appeal to the students of America, not only for support in the oncoming American National Red Cross Roll Call, November 11-29, but for serious constructive study of the work and methods of the Organization. looking toward the day when they will assume their rightful positions of community, State and national leadership.

The demands of the time are increasingly complex, and the future is heavily charged with forces which as yet defy analysis. It is not by chance that you have come to your high place in life. We believe that it is for a purpose, and that without the best each one can do in service to his fellowmen, all life must be poorer in the end.

Will you not therefore, stand with the unconquerable will of a Sidney Lanier to the ideal of service? Through years of poverty which he could have changed by sacrifice of his ideals, and through a greater number of years of illness from tuberculosis which he had not the power to change, the beloved poet of the Southland struggled on, until with a temperature of 104, and while too weak to feed himself, he penciled his last and greatest poem, "Sunrise," afraid that he would die ere the completion of his task:—

"Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent;

But Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need;

Give us to build above a deep intent, The deed, the deed!"





Here we are back again, 1300 strong. Let's make the "13" hundred lucky and come out 100% in everything asked of us.

The school is about the same size as last year. Thus we are able to squeeze into the building increased in capacity as it is by the division of the studyhalls 103 and 206 each into two smaller classrooms.

. . . .

We welcome with us this year the following new instructors: Mr. John J. Quinn, who was with us for a short time last year, now here permanently as a science teacher, Mr. Thomas W. Sheehan, formerly an instructor in the Tufts Medical School. Also Messrs Gilbert, Russo, and Billing.

At the same time we must express our sorrow at the great loss to the school caused by the departure from the faculty of Mr. O'Brien, well-beloved by all who knew him. He has gone to assume the position of salesmanager at Brine's Athletic Goods Store.

The two other teachers whose faces we miss are Mr. Levine and Mr. Gartner.

Mr. Gartner has left the teaching staff and Mr. Levine is touring Europe on a year's leave of absence. He will be back with us in September, 1924.

4 4 4

We congratulate Markwett on his appointment as drum-major and wish him a successful year.

The attention of the Latin School seems to need to be called to a certain building in Copley Square wherein a wealth of technical or non-technical literature can be obtained on any

subject conceivable.

If you are too lazy to take an interest in some particular phase of our economic life, at least you can resurrect that library card which you think you have grown beyond: the age of using and take out some good book of fiction.

9 9 9 9

Speaking of libraries, we hope to have the school library open this year. It contains some very old editions and also some good fiction—even to football and baseball stories.

We shall have another Prize Story Contest this year and we hope to have a spirited competition. The rules are simple enough. Any story printed in the *Register*, which is not written by a member of the staff, is eligible. All stories of merit will be accepted and printed and will be eligible at the same time for the prize.

Last year's prize, by the way, went to Maxwell Henry Goldberg.

Last but not least, in the "prize line,' there is a contest for the best cartoon published during the year. Everybody except members of the staff are invited to enter. Artists, show your skill!

#### 9 9 9

In the January number of the Register, we will publish the speeches delivered at the dedication exercises of our new school. The exercises took place on May 17, 1923.

#### 1 1 1 1

We wish Mr. C. Fitzgerald success in moulding the material which has just come up into the second class into a cham; ionship football team, of which the back-bone will be, of course, the veterans of our last and victorious year.

In the New York Times this item appeared.

#### E. P. DUTTON DEAD

NEW YORK, Sept. 6,—E. P. Dutton, president and founder of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton and Company, died at his home late to-day at the age of 92.

Mr. Dutton, who started his business 71 years ago, was born in Keene, N. H., and educated at the famous Boston Latin School.

#### 7 7 7 7

Roy E. Larsen, a former Latin School

boy, is now circulation manager of a new weekly magazine called *Time*. *Time* is a digest of all the world news and timely topics placed within twenty-four pages.

#### 9 9 9 9

The following article concerning Mr. O'Brien was clipped from an edition of late date of the *Boston Traveler*. It was written by F. J. Ryan '18, who is one of the sporting editors of that newspaper.

Frederick J. O'Brien, former Boston Latin School coach, will be a member of the Harvard second varsity coaching staff this fall, assisting Jimmy Knox, for many years the crimson's scout and second varsity head coach.

Confirmation of the report was made by Fred W. Moore, graduate manager of Harvard. O'Brien is a Harvard graduate, and when in college at Cambridge played second varsity football, his professionalism, as a result of high school coaching, barring him from varsity competition.

Until his resignation from the Boston Latin coaching berth in the spring of 1922, he was known as the dean of Boston school coaches, by reason of his many years at the old school on Warren Avenue. His teams have always been successful, and they have been coached in football such as it was fundamentally taught at Cambridge.



#### THE INTER-CLASS DEBATE

The debate which was announced in the Graduation number of the Register was held during the early part of June, between the Fourth and the Fifth Class debating clubs. The subject; was Resolved: That the United States should enter the World Court as Proposed by President Harding.

The Debate was held in the Hall of the School before an appreciative audience. The teams were made up for the Fourth class:

Negative: Rogers, Delissa, Odenweller. For the Fifth class:

Affirmative: Levenson, Moskowitz, Alper.

The debate was won by the Fifth class team and much credit is due to the members of that team. The debate was very interesting.

-C. J. Odenweller, Jr., '26

#### THE CLASS III DEBATING CLUB

The Class III Debating Club, which was last year the Class IV Club, will hold a reorganization meeting on November 1, 1923, and an election of officers will then take place, the offices open:

President, Vice-President, Secretary.

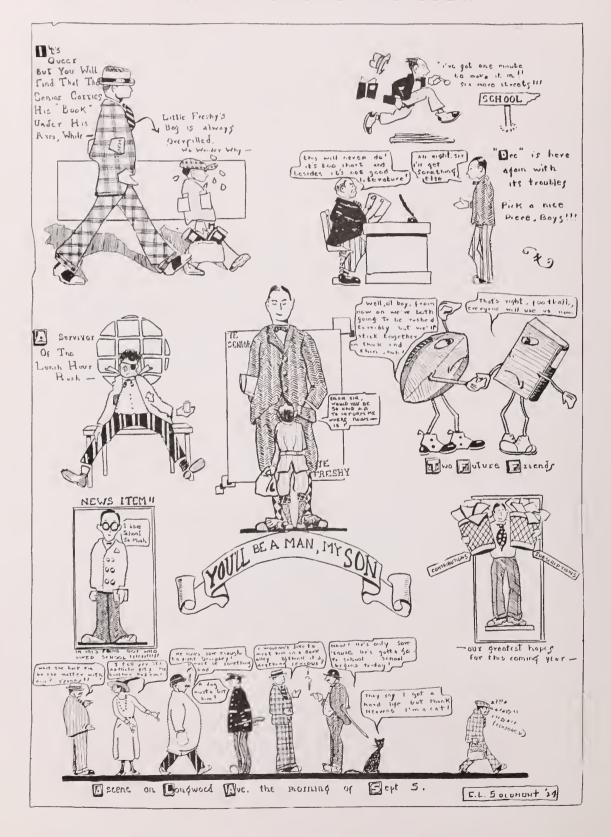
Mr. Peirce has consented to be the critic of the club as last year, and we know that with his help this will be an even more successful season than last.

Several debates have been prepared, and with the weekly debates among the club members an interesting season should be had.

All the members of the Third Class who are really interested in debating and would like to spend one afternoon a week either debating or learning how to debate should come to this meeting on November 1.

-C. J. Odenweller, Jr., '26





# The Bluff That Failed

The chief of police was sitting in his office in the Central Station, Chicago. He was tired and restless from a very busy day. Suddenly he jumped up with a start, for the telephone bell rang loudly. A voice shouted excitedly.

"Hello— Is this the police station? Send a patrol to 57 Atlantic Street immediately. A man has been found unconscious on the sidewalk."

Several officers were notified and started for that address. They found a man, lying motionless on the pavement. He was about five and a half feet tall, very dark, and clutched something shiny in his hand. They took him to the hospital, where, after a few days, he completely recovered.

One day, Mr. Barton, the man, decided to tell of his experience. He said, "I spent the summer travelling in South America. I had a chance to do a very slight favor for a native and he insisted that I should take this emerald as a present. The native told me that

if a tired person held this stone for a few minutes he would forget his troubles and finally sink into a deep and peaceful sleep. I did not believe this, but I took the jewel to please the man. I returned to America where I passed many week's looking for work. I became very much depressed and immediately planned to test the truth of the native's story. To my great surprise it was true, for that is the last thing I can remember."

The authorities listened carefully and agreed that the circumstances were very strange. The next day, a detective arrived at the hospital. After he related his side of the story, the investigators were satisfied. It was learned that Rothwell, alias Barton, was a clever, well known thief. He had stolen this jewel and returned to America. One day, he fainted from hunger and so as not to appear suspicious he invented this narrative. This time the bluff failed, for he was immediately put into prison.

Minton.

The list of room reporters for 1923-24 is as follows:—

Room 300—C. Silverstein

301-A. H. Canner

302-M. Tall

303-R. B. Egan

304 - B. K. Anthony

306-E. Michelman

307-A. L. Stott

311-W. S. Hennessey

316-W. C. Headle

317-E. Todtman

318—Jas. Sullivan

one Jas. Sunivan

200-J. W. Sullivan

201-G. A. Chenoweth

203- C. J. Odenweller, Jr.

201-J. T. Foley

206—J. Р. Barry

206B-A. J. Hunt

207-P. S. Keating

208-F. W. Burnham

209-R. Sinnott

210-A. J. Reardon

211—H. G. Slater

212-E. T. Hatch

214-J. B. McGillicuddy

215-L. Mullen

216-J. C. Rhodes

217 -- M. C. Brusket

218-O. F. Mulcahy

100-P. W. Knight

101 37 67 1

101—N. Ziegler

102—R. W. Simers 103—K. D. R. Peterson

101-F. J. Murphy

106-E. J. Goggin

107-R. O'Brien

108-J. P. Donelan

## The Spirit of the Times

A former Austrian lieutenant told me that his salary was 21 million kronen a month. At that rate it would be cheaper to invest in kronen than in coal for the winter. He said that six suits could be bought for this much kronen. A few carloads would only cost about 90 cents and a roaring fire could be kept in the furnace from October to April.

The miners are finally going to settle the strike. Let's hope that the operators will now keep the price under \$25 a ton. It would be a fine thing to get the old flivver rattling on some of those frigid January nights, run a pipe to the house and bask in comfort until you fall asleep. Then for the benefit of those not possessing a Ford, or possessing some other kind of a car, the pipe could be repeatedly tapped by the neighbors and comfort enjoyed by all until asleep, when the veteran flivver could be tapped by another relay team, and so on until the neighborhood was quiet either because the occupants were asleep, or better, frozen, which would provide more heat for the survivors on the following night.

Further ideas on coal conservation will appear in next month's Register by Barney Google, Ring Lardner, and other famous authorities on how to navigate an airplane under water and fly a submarine through the clouds.

The song "Yes, we have no bananas" has so far netted the owners \$85,000 in royalties. Why don't they try something more exclusive, like Arabian apricots or Persian peaches? Why not try Pomeranian pomegrarates and see how it will work? At that rate, they ought to get \$100,000 as the first royalty for plums and pears, and \$25,000 for apples. Singing this song is becoming a first-rate way to irritate anybody. "Jiggs' jazz figs' would sound fine for a title.

When asked what he would take to write up the Firpo-Dempsey fight, George Bernard Shaw replied that he would do it for \$1,000,000. They ought to rig up a solid cedar platform, varnished with gilt, for him and get him a noiseless typewriter gilded with gold and a mechanical pencil so he would not have the trouble of moving his hand while writing. Then they should have automatic lungs to breathe for him, so he could concentrate on the write-up. Why not string platinum--wired telephone connections to the newspaper offices for him? As the cockney would say it, "H'i say h'old dear, why not 'ave that bally Rockefeller chappie and that Bloomin' Ford chump act as dear Georgie's jolly prat-boys, and why not stage that infernally 'orrible pugilistic contest on the side, where it won't inter-fere with Bernie's left jabs and right hooks at the poor typo, don't yer know?" At the price Bernard's asking they ought to be sledge-hammer blows given in record-beating electricity time.

Owing to insufficient financial consideration the Lynn schools may not open this fall. Think of the sorrow that would be created among us if a like announcement were made in Boston,— THE TEARS THAT WOULD ROLL FROM OUR EYES ON ACCOUNT OF NOT HAVING TO DO a couple of pages of Xenophon and a page of Ovid, a little mere Math and English and about 8 pages of French translation to wind up with. But our fears would probably be quickly dispelled, as a few of the teachers would probably make up the deficit out their own private pockets rather than lose the pleasure of making compliments on behavior and giving hundreds to everybody in the room.

Start the saving habit early and deposit your extra cash with the school bank. Napoleon saved early and look

where he finished. But Henry Ford and Tom Lawson weren't quite so tight. Hetty Green was no miser and Rockefeller is giving away DIMES instead of NICKELS now. He's enjoying life though, isn't he? General Grant was never rich, and he was no spendthrift either.

The Ku Klux Klan is now parading in Portland, Maine. Two setbacks at the hands of the populace weren't enough for these fire-eaters. They want more and by the looks of things they'll get them. But the times are so dull since

the war that you can hardly blame them. They say that when the New York toughs gave their first gang yell in France the Germans cried "Kamerad" without even thinking of fighting anybody who could stretch their throats like that.

Well so long fellows and may we meet again in this little opera comique and comèdie in next month's *Register*.

Sincerely,

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK



## The Death of Two Dogs

By Edward Michelman

In the fall, at the end of the circus season, all the temporary help of the Barnumand Baileycircus are discharged. These men, like all of their kind, do odd jobs in and around New Haven, the winter quarters of the circus, until spring, when they apply again for their jobs.

The two men with whom we are concerned, being a little late in applying, received the disappointing news that all jobs had been filled. The employment manager, however, added in a kindly way, "I hear the Sparks circus is short of men. You may be able to get a job with them."

The self-appointed spokesman for the two, Pete Tomaselli, exclaimed, "Gee! I never thought of them. Have you any idea where they are located?"

The answer was, "They are on the road already, but I think I have their schedule somewhere in my desk. Yes, here it is. Let me see, to-day is the 13th; May 4, Lowell; May 17, Lawrence; May 20, Framingham; May 24, Worcester. Worcester is the place for you."

"Thanks very much, good-bye."
"Good-bye, I wish you luck."

A little later that day a brakeman on a freight running from New York to Worcester via New Haven heard some voices underneath one of his cars. He climbed down the ladder on the end of the car and looking under the car saw our two friends riding blind baggage while discussing their prospects of getting a job.

"Get off there, you two circus bums," he cried.

"Timmy, I'm ashamed of you, to think you'd put two old friends off a moving-train," was the retort.

"Why, if it isn't Jack McLaughlin and Tomatoes! Well, if you must stay on, be quiet, because if the conductor finds out that I didn't kick you off I'll get fired. Why aren't you working for Barnum and Bailey?"

"They were full up."

"That's too bad; well, guess I'd better be moving. So long."

"S'long."

Just before the train arrived in the yards at Worcester, the two pals leaped off the train. After satisfying their appetite at a quick-lunch they betook themselves to a newstand and purchased a newspaper, scanning it casually. Suddenly an advertisement caught their attention. "CIRCUS MEN—Two men wanted for general work around circus for remainder of season. Apply in circus grounds in morning at employment tent.—Sparks Circus."

They simultaneously exclaimed, "What luck!"

Bright and early next morning they were on hand at the circus grounds just after the tents were pitched. After wandering around for a while they met an officious-looking man who asked curtly, "What's your business?"

"We're looking for the employment office. Could you—"

"Dog trainer's tent," the man interrupted brusquely and walked off. Upon finding this tent they immediately entered and presented themselves for the jobs. The employment manager, who was also the dog-trainer, said, "One job is to assist me and take care of my dogs feeding and watering them. They are my own property not the circus", so whoever takes the job will have to take very good care of them. The other job is a similar one in regard to elephants. Since you are the first applicants, if you fulfill my requirements you can have the jobs. I will interview you together since you came together. By the way, my name is McCarthy. But tell me, are you two pals?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are your names?"

"John McLaughlin, Peter Tomaselli," were the respective answers.

"Any previous experience?"

"With Barnum and Bailey," from both.

"Fired from them?"

"Nope, laid off last fall and they were already full up when we applied again this spring. They told us to try here."

"Well, I guess I'll have to take you two. Oh, wait a minute, were either of you ever in jail?"

McLaughlin shook his head but Tomatoes replied briefly:

"Once for vagrancy."

"Sorry then, but I can only accept Mr. McLaughlin," replied McCarthy. "You see, we aren't allowed to employ jail-birds."

Tomatoes winced at this remark, and Jack showed some reluctance to work without his comrade.

Upon seeing this, McCarthy said to Jack, "Take one of the jobs or leave them."

Jack thereupon decided to take a job and chose the one of assisting McCarthy.

For a time things went well with Jack until McCarthy discovered that Tomatoes, unable to secure a job, had become circus hanger-on. He became much aroused at this and warned Tomatoes that if he caught him around the circus again he would have him imprisoned.

When he noticed Tomatoes around again he kept his word, with the result that Tomatoes was a visitor in the

Gardner jail for a week for the offense of trespassing on the circus grounds.

A few days later McCarthy asked Jack to look for the shoes which he was to wear in the circus ring. Jack incensed over the jailing of his pal, retorted, "I'm not your valet."

He then threw down the stub of the cigarette he was smoking and commenced to walk out. The butt, by the will of Fate, landed on one of McCarthys stocking feet. He, swearing on account of the burn, cried after Jack, "You're fired!"

Jack replied heatedly, "All right, I'm fired, but we'll get you for that and for Tomatoe's week in jail."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

About a week later the circus was startled to hear that McCarthy's dogs were dead of strychnine poisoning. He immediately applied by mail for payment of the insurance on them.

A few days later, while examining some papers in his tent he suddenly perceived a shadow of a man on the tent-floor. Quickly stuffing the papers into his strong box which lay open on the table, he looked up and saw a man standing in the doorway.

He asked the man his business, whereupon the man replied, "My name is Johnson. I am an investigator from the American Bonding and Assurance Company. Are you Mr. McCarthy?"

"Yes. have you come to pay for the death of my dogs?"

"If your claims are just, yes."

"Just? Why of course they are just! Any man in the circus will tell you that."

"Very well, I'll settle with you now." After McCarthy had been paid his insurance the investigator said, 'Since he was poisoned by some human being it is my job to get that man jailed, and that's why I was sent down here. Have you any idea who might have done it?"

"Yes, I'm almost positive a man I fired a short time ago, did it." And he proceeded to tell Mr. Johnson of Jack's threat that he had made when fired.

On the basis of this statement of McCarthy's, Mr. Johnson swore out a warrant for Jack's and Tomatoe's arrest.

When the first hearing on the case was held, the star witness against the two pals, McCarthy, was found to be absent. On telephoning the circus they found that McCarthy was not there, and so the hearing was postponed.

When McCarthy did not turn up at the circus on the next day, on investigation it was found that he had absconded with the money of the Spark's Circus Benefit Club of which he was treasurer and also with his insurance money.

Jack and Tomatoes were released from custody and notice was broadcast to the police of the country to find McCarthy.

The dog-trainer in a sideshow at a circus in Los Angeles, California, no-

ticed a man who stayed persistently watching the same performance of the trainer's dogs repeated over and over. Seeing something familiar about the man he racked his brains to find out who it was. Finally it dawned upon him that it was McCarthy, whose description had even reached the Pacific coast. He quietly called in the circus detective and McCarthy was taken into custody pending extradition to Massachusetts.

When his finger prints were taken it developed that he was Thomas Bent, a convict who had escaped from the death chamber in the San Francisco prison seven years before. Within a few weeks the ends of justice were met and he was "hanged by the neck until dead."

The reward for the capture of Bent was divided between the Los Angeles dog-trainer and the two pals. They immediately bought a pair of trick dogs and took McCarthy's place in the Sparks Circus.

# PLEASE PATRONIZE THE

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REGISTER



## **FOOTBALL**

**NEWS** 

and

**NOTES** 

By E. J. KEEFE

The football team reported on Thursday, September 15. About ninety candidates have answered the call, among whom are many veterans.

As to the personnelle, center will be taken care of by Gildea, who held that position last year. Daniel, Cohen and Richards will help out. At guard: Feinburg and Dunn, the latter a starter of last year's English game, have the call. At tackle there is a wealth of material, most of it experienced, W. H. Sullivan, Bolles, Fusonie. O'Dwyer, a tackle from Roxbury Latin, and Driscoll having reported. Rigby, who has played on the team for two years, is also in school, but will not report for football until mid-season. The ends, for the most part, are new to Latin School football, but are showing up well in practice. The leading candidates for this position are Gray, a transfer from St. John's Manlius School; Stavros.

McIntyre, and Riley. Garrity will do the bulk of the signal calling. In this he will be assisted by Neale and Minton. Captain Brine heads the list of backfield candidates, which contains many of those who have made a major letter before. Among these are J. W. Sullivan, Hammer, Higgins, Mantle, Maloney, J. J. McDermott, and W. E. McDermott. V. P. Sullivan, better known as a track man, suffered a broken jaw during one of the scrimmages. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

From this material, Coach Fitzgerald can develop another championship team, providing the school gives the proper support.

The schedule:

Sept. 29-Hyde Park

Oct. 6—Groton

12-Brockton

19—Boston College High

27-Norwood

31 = Commerce

Nov. 9 Dorchester

21 Mechanic Arts

29—English

#### THE HYDE PARK GAME

Without the services of Fusonie, Dunn, O'Dwyer, Cray, and Neale, the football team journeved to Hyde Park for a game with the High School team of that section. Although all the members of the team played as well as could be expected for the first game, special mention must be made of the work of Bob Garrity. He made three long runs, one of which would have resulted in a touchdown, had not another member of the team fouled. He was in every play, and looks to be a worthy successor to "Sonny" Elton. McIntyre at end and Sullivan at tackle were the bright spots in line.

Hyde Park kicked to Brine on the 20-yard line. He ran it back twenty vards. Two line bucks netted us five vards, and then Sullivan punted to Hyde Park's 20-yard line, where the receiver was thrown in his tracks. After a few rushes, Hvde Park punted to Garrity on our 40-yard line. He ran it back to Hyde Park's 5-yard line, but a penalty for holding put the ball on our 25-yard line. A first down by rushing and a fifteen-yard penalty gave us 25 vards. Sullivan punted to Hyde Park's 5-yard line, but his efforts went for nothing, as the opposing quarter ran it back thirty yards. Here the quarter ended.

After three line bucks, all of which resulted in losses, Hyde Park punted. Garrity ran the ball back forty yards to midfield. After an exchange of punts, Sullivan and Brine were both thrown for losses. Another exchange of punts and the half ended with the ball in Latin's possession at midfield.

Gildea kicked off to Hyde Park on the 20-yard line, and the receiver ran it back to his forty-yard line. Hyde Park punted and Garrity, thinking that it was going into the end zone, let it roll. It stopped on our 10-yard line. Garrity attempted to punt, but the kick was blocked. A few rushes by Hyde Park, aided by an offside penalty, scored the touchdown, Elliot carrying the ball. Hyde Park missed the try for goal. They then kicked to Hammer, who ran it back twenty yards. On the last play of the quarter, McIntyre received a painful injury to his shoulder and was obliged to give way to Riley.

Latin punted to Hyde Park, and they immediately punted back. Sullivan signalled for a fair catch, but was tackled by two Hyde Park men. The distance gained on the kick, the fifteen-yard penalty, a long run by Garrity, a pass to Brine and a few line bucks served to put the ball over, Brine carrying. A bad pass resulted in a failure to gain the point. Latin kicked off and after a few rushes the game was over.

Hyde Park Latin Stavros, re le, Sheehan Driscoll, (Parks), rt lt, Burke W. H. Sullivan, rg lg, (Barrett), Tripp c, Shea Gildea, c Williams, lg rg, Christernsen rt, Wood Boles, It McIntyre, (Riley) le, re, Early, Capt. Garrity, qb qb, (Doyle), McGowan J. W. Sullivan, rhb lhb, Guntoski rhb, Devoe Hammer, lhb Brine, Capt., fb fb, Elliot

Score: Latin 6, Hyde Park 6. Referee: Ross. Umpire: Murray. Linesman: Ormsby. Field Judge: Drohan. Touchdowns: Brine, Elliot. Periods: 7 minutes.

### TENNIS

The annual fall tennis tournament

began shortly after our return to school. Although eight lettermen are in school, only five of these entered the tournament. These players, who were Lyons, Thurber, Stott, Keefe, and Bayard were seeded. All passed safely through the preliminary round, Lyons, Thurber and Keefe by byes and Stott and Bayard by winning. The summary:

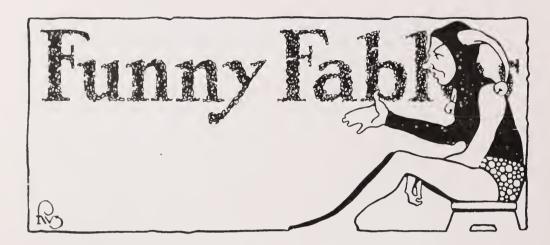
Preliminary Round
Joy defeated Sharf, 6-4, 6-2.
Bayard defeated Klarfield, 6-1, 6-1.
Myers defeated Gold, 6-0, 2-6, 6-4.
Travis defeated Herlihy, 6-0, 6-0.
Stott defeated R. Faxon, 6-2, 6-1.
Carney defeated Hopkinson, 6-2, 6-0.
Cohen defeated Sullivan, 6-4, 6-2.
Stern defeated Tobin, 6-3, 6-1.

After three ballots, the tennis team seems to be as far from electing a captain as it was before the balloting started. Stott, Lyons, and Thurber all received votes, but none could get a majority.

#### RIFLE

Before this *Register* is in your hands, the rifle team will have begun its long season. When the New England Interscholastic Championship was started two years ago, Latin entered and took fifth place. Last year we were second. With five veterans, Captain Potter, Manager Sands, Sullivan, Stenberg and Ex-Captain Keefe, the team this year stands a good chance of winning, providing five more good shots can be found to fill up the team. Boys should not let lack of previous experience deter them from trying for the team. It might be interesting to note that of last year's team, only one had ever shot a rifle before going out for the team. If the team is considered good enough, it will also enter the National Championship, last year won by Central High of Washington, D. C., which team we met in a dual match.





#### FOOLISHMENT

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an Academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of your head
What jewels are found?

Who travels the bridge of your nose?

If you want to shingle the roof of your mouth

Would you use the nails of your toes?
Or beat the drum of your ear?

Can the calf of your leg eat the corn on your toe?

Then why not grow corn on the ear?
Can the crook in your elbow be sent to jail?

If so, what did it do?

How can you sharpen your shoulder blade?

I'll be blamed if I know, do you?

My dear, 'tis not from sentiment Your little hands I hold; But with intent, you to prevent From coyly digging gold.

Policeman: "Your wife has fainted. She needs some air."

Scotchman Bill: "Take her around to the corner garage. The air is free there." And when it rains it rains alike
Upon the just and unjust fellah;
But never upon the just for the unjust
has his umbrella.

Motorist: "Yes, it took me about six weeks' hard work to learn to drive my machine."

. . . .

Pedestrian: "And what have you for your pains?"

Motorist: "Liniment."

It was very quiet in the movie emporium as the audience watched one of the movie stars simulating intoxication. Suddenly the silence was broken by the shrill voice of a small boy who was seated in the rear of the auditorium.

"That ain't the way to be drunk, is it, father?"

Sam (to his wife at the show): "Mandy, tell that man to take his arm away from aroun' yo' waist."

Mandy: "Tell him yo'self, he's a perfec' stranger to me."

"The Greeks don't rate much in the Olympic games."

"No, but they shine in America."

"Why do they call these things sanitary couches?"

"Because no self-respecting germ would sleep in one."

r f f f

'Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt.

5 9 9 9

"Say, do you know Brown?"

"No, what's his name?"

"Who?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream."

"Serves him right; let him freeze."

• • • •

"But what do the students think of having to put up with such a small gymnasium?"

"Oh we have no room for complaint."

9 9 9 9

"How would you give a fire alarm in an institution for deaf mutes?"

"Why I'd ring the dumb bells."

9 9 9

"Sam is an awful kidder."

"You don't say."

"Why the other day he was even stringing his violin."

• • • •

"Have you tried the new elevator dance?"

"No, what are the steps like?"

"There aren't any."

9 9 9 9

"Do you ever play anything by request?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I wonder if you'd play dominos until I finish my dinner."

C C C C

"Yes, Hortense, they make the hour glass small in the middle to show the waist of time."

9 9 9

"Don't go, you're leaving me without reason."

"I always leave things as I find them."

"What instrument produces footnotes?"

"A shoe horn."

• • • •

"My landlady is going to raise my rent."

"Well that's more than you've ever been able to do."

"What did her father say when he overheard my remark about his funny feet?"

"He poked fun at me."

• • • •

"Why is the way of the transgressor so hard?"

"Because so many people have tramped there."

• • • •

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

"Why do they call some women Amazons?"

"Well, the Amazon river has a very large mouth."

"Here, come out of there, bathing is not allowed after 5 P. M."

"Excuse me, I'm not bathing,I'm only drowning."

"Your cream is very good."

"It ought to be; I just whipped it."

"Did you call Edith this morning?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"Why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now, call her down for not being down when you called her up."

"Hello, old top, new car?"

"No. old car, new top."

0 1 1 0

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his Agree.

The answer is surely no riddle:

He was bound to be Fiddle, D. D

First cootie(on Nabisco box): "What's your hurry?"

Second cootie: "Don't you see that sign. 'Tear along this edge'."

"That new cook of ours makes everything out of the cook book."

"Then that must have been out of the covers I tasted last night."

All our gowns have names: We call this the Banana Peel, fits closely, easy to slip on.

"You say that scar on your head is a birth mark and yet you admit getting it on a train."

"That's right, I tried to get into the wrong berth."

### COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

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